THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

THE Suez Canal is an accomplished fact; but the prospects of the shareholders are by no means rose-coloured. There is little likelihood of the gross receipts of the Suez Canal exceeding £800,000, the amount of charges which must be paid before any profit is earned, and exceeding it so much as even to pay a fair interest on the ordinary capital of £8,000,000, which, at 5 per cent., would require £400,000. To state the question is to exhibit the gloominess of the prospect when it is remembered that the principal and almost the exclusive source of revenue must be the charge of 8s. per ton for shipping and 8s. per passenger passing through the canal. The passengers cannot be many, for it would take 250,000 to make up £100,000; and it will take £1,000,000 tons of shipping to pay £400,000. In other words there must be 2,000,000 tons to pay the preference charge, and 3,000,000 tons if the unlucky shareholders are to get 5s. per cent.—very much more if the Pasha of Egypt gets anything. Where is any such tonnage to come from? On this point the shareholders should not deceive themselves. However quickly the Eastern trade may grow, how much soever the canal itself may promote new transactions, the trade of the world is not about to be revolutionised with pantomimic rapidity. The total annual tonnage of the Eastern trade is only 4,000,000 tons. This is all that the canal will fight for, and we need hardly discuss the probability of its share being very soon three-fourths, though that is what will be required to pay even 5 per cent. to the ordinary shareholder. One is half inclined to doubt, indeed, whether for some time to come the working expenses will be more than paid.

According to the theory of M. Heuzé, a French meteorologist, peculiarly cold winters recur with almost unvarying regularity every ten years, and, if this data are correct, the facts certainly seem to afford fair grounds for his assertion. Thus, in 1789 the frost was so severe that in many parts of France wine was frozen in the cellars; in 1789 there were forty-nine days of unbroken frost; in 1809 the Seine, the Loire, and many other rivers were completely covered with ice; the winters of 1819 and 1829 were unprecedented in severity and in the misery they entailed on the poorer classes; while, in more recent days, the winter of 1840 (the only case in which his calculation proves wrong by one year) will long be remembered for its fifty-nine days of frost, of which twenty-seven were consecutive, the coldest day being that on which the second funeral of Napoleon took place. Again, in 1859 the thermometer fell to twenty degrees centigrade below freezing point, equivalent to four degrees Fahr. below zero. On this principle of decennial recurrence M. Heuzé warns us to prepare for a season of extreme rigour.

"The sanitary condition of Utah," writes a correspondent of the *Times*, "is abominable. I repeatedly asked what diseases were prevalent, and was told they were diphtheria, scarlet fever, ague, diarrhœa, and dysentery. The fact is, that the lovely limpid streams that 'flash through the city' are open sewers, and propagate disease among the inhabitants. One man said, 'The grown-up people live, but lots of children die.' Poor little things! I was given to understand that, in many cases, their parents sent for the elders of the Church to anoint them with oil, but that in their own sickness they took physic." David and Alexander Smith, sons of the prophet Joseph, are preaching a hot crusade against polygamy, denouncing Brigham Young himself, in his own city, as "foul, false, and corrupt," but though people are somewhat shaken in their faith as to the purity of the institution, it has a strong hold on vested interests. The wives detest polygamy, but dread destitution. A keen, inquisitorial supervision is maintained over the city by Young and his coadjutors, who go from house to house prying, questioning, and if they observe anything that does not please them throw out alarming hints of "cutting off from the Church." This "cutting off" is a serious thing, for it means no work to be had of Mormons, no help, no charity, no pity. Notwithstanding the irritation thus created, the writer's conclusion is that, though the Mormons quarrel bitterly among themselves, "any severe handling of them by Americans would produce a large party ready to resist to the death if they would preserve their institutions at all; they are fanactics by nature and choice, and would fight with the desperation fanatics."

M. de Lesseps is of Scotch extraction, his family having gone over to France with James II. A Lesseps was architect of St. Giles's Cathedral at Edinburgh, and a "forbear" of the hero of the isthmus. It would, however, be difficult to say with what nation M. de Lesseps is not in one way or another connected. By his mother he is related to Spain and, in a not very remote cousinship, to the Empress of the French; and the young lady whom he is about to marry as soon as the *fêtes* are over is a British subject, having been born in the Mauritius.

A new weapon of offence has, it appears, from the following narrative, been discovered by continental duellists. Annon B. and Jeanneton L. had a difference respecting a sum of seventy-five centimes, which had been lent by the former to the latter. Happening to meet on market-day, strong expressions were used on both sides—one calling the other a "cheat," and the other retorting by the term "miser." Annon, intent on paying herself, seized the handle of a basket of eggs which Jeanneton carried; a struggle ensued; the eggs began to fly furiously and fast; and both combatants were freely bespattered about the face and neck with yoke and shell. An elegantly-dressed young gentleman in the crowd made himself somewhat prominent by inappropriate mirth; this diverted the anger of Annon and Jeanneton from each other, and their concentrated wrath fell upon the head of him who mocked them. About two-thirds of the contents of Jeanneton's hamper had been consumed in the encounter; the remaining eggs were expended by the justly indignant woman on the well-dressed offender, to the complete destruction of his irreproachable garments, and his utter confusion. There can be little doubt that the egg might with advantage be substituted for the sword in French duels. In nine cases out of ten, the damage done, and the annoyance inflicted, by the egg would exceed that which is produced by the employment of the deadlier weapon.

THE MAN ABROAD.

VIENNA, Nov. 16.

LEAVING Venice on the beginning of November, 1869, and directing one's steps, not Eastward, where Kaiser and King are wending their way to assist at the opening of one of the most stupendous of the many works of industry which the last few decades have witnessed—but North, even though that North is the ever new and ever charming city of Vienna, goes very much against the grain; but your correspondent, like a good boy, must do as he is told, and so, instead of sunning himself in the smiles and favours of the great ones of the earth, with whom the French correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* makes us so familiar, I find myself once more in Vienna when, a few weeks ago, I had hoped to be a humble partaker of the hospitalities of the Khedive. However, your readers will not, I am sure, complain of not being treated to a disquisition on Eastern politics, the miracles of civilisation, the splendour of the *fêtes*, or the beauties of the harem, with a passing sketch of Jerusalem and the Pyramids thrown in, as, whatever may be the daily paper which they affect, they are certain to be kept fully (perhaps too much so) *au courant* with what occurs in the land of the Pharaohs, from the moment that H.I.M. of France set foot on Egyptian soil until the last rocket has shot up, and the last note has died away in the Viceroy's bran-new temple of song. Perhaps, on the contrary, they will be tempted to exclaim *toujours perdrix;* and will be glad to transplant themselves for a little space to the capital of Austria. Before leaving the subject of Venice, I hope that the editor will allow me to state that the substitution of "styles" for "stoles," *cum multis aliis*, in my last communication, and of Pedeschi for Tedeschi, and "Campenilla" for "Campanilla," in a previous one, make me appear either very careless or very ignorant. If my shoulders are to bear the blame, I hope that the first count of the indictment may be chosen to charge me with, though I have a certain consciousness that the "devil," and not your obedient servant, is to blame. From Venice to Vienna is a pleasant journey, whether you accomplish it by rail directly from Venice, or cross the gulf of the Adriatic to Trieste and then take the train to Vienna. If time is no object and you fear not *mal de mer*, the latter is by far the pleasantest, for Trieste is a city of good cheer, and a break in the journey enables one to pass a day in one of the very best hotels in Europe. As it is not the business of the *Man About Town* to advertise hotels—at least until stakes have been made—I will not name it, though to anyone who knows Trieste and it, that is unnecessary. In despite of this recommendation, Trieste may be pronounced, after four-and-twenty hours' sojourn, minus the *e*, by those who are in search either of "sights" in the shape of architectural beauties, or galleries of pictures and sculptures, or of recreation of a lighter *nuance*, such as theatres and *cafés chantants* with their forerunners, such as the Bois or the Via Pincia. I have no doubt that the sturdy merchants of all nations, chiefly German and Jew, drive a flourishing trade, and in their haste to get rich do not come oftener to grief than seems to be the case now-a-days among their speculative *confrères* at home or in France. I was going to add here—but the crashes which are daily taking place are so entirely the result of an infection caught from the joint-stock and limited-liability fever in England—that the comparison would not hold water. Indeed, I doubt if any city in Europe is more solidly though slowly working its way to prosperity and a great future than this same Trieste, whose inhabitants have inherited, from the mixture of races which its geographical position has caused, the *verve* and the sparkle of the Italian with the more solid but persevering qualities of the Teuton. No one should leave Trieste, however, without paying a visit to Miramar, the scene of so much happiness to a right royal pair, of whom one now sleeps in the church of St. Augustus here, after his cruel assassination in Mexico, and the passage of whose body through Trieste brought tears to many an eye which had not wept for years, and of whom the other lives indeed, but for whom, even her dearest relations and friends can desire nothing

better than a calm and speedy death. How sad to think that even an Imperial crown should have ever led them to quit the delights of one of the loveliest palaces on the shores of the Adriatic for such a country and for such subjects as Mexico and the Mexicans, and what a fearful load of responsibility must rest on him who induced them to accept, in despite of the wishes even of the Kaiser himself, his fatal and ill-omened offer! Whatever may be the ultimate destiny of the Second Empire—whether Napoleon, like the first of that name, dies in exile or hands down his sceptre in peace to his son and his son's son—the story of the Mexican expedition and its tragic end will ever be the blackest page in its history, and in that history, be assured, the names of Bazaine and of Lopez will not be disconnected. You will pardon me for this long discursion from Vienna; but no one can visit unmoved Miramar, or if he could he would not be a reader of the *Man About Town;* so you will not at once condemn me as heavy. From Trieste to Vienna the route is very pretty, and the passage over the Brenner Alps is more than pretty, it is magnificent. In these days of engineering nothing is wonderful in the shape of railway travelling, so it must suffice me to say that the road is almost as great a triumph of skill as Fells road over Mount Cenis, though of much earlier construction, and the scenery is, in my opinion, even grander than that obtained from Mount Cenis. I happened to have as travelling companions a party of Yankees fresh from the wonders of the "Great Pacific route," and though, of course, the national propensity was strong within them they were fain to admit that even "their own native land" could boast of no greater work of engineering skill and beauty of scenery. Undoubtedly the railway from New York to San Francisco is a far greater contribution to the requirements of commerce and enterprise; but looking at the quality of the "road" (especially in view of the accident of which I have just seen a telegraphic account in the *Wiener Freie Presse*), and the general beauty of the country adjoining, I doubt whether the Austrian Sud-balm would not bear away the palm. There is but one town of any importance on the way between Venice and Vienna, and as that is Gratz—which is as slow as, say, Lancaster—I need not refer to it except to warn the unwary traveller if he halts there not to be inveigled into subscribing to a fund for presenting the Bishop, whom the Emperor has had "locked up" for contumacy, with some kind of new-fangled ecclesiastical millinery. He will require some little presence of mind to refuse, for the canvassers are as indefatigable as Mr. Frail will be this week at Shrewsbury with the Red Book. I find on arriving here that the Kaiser-stadt is unusually dull, the Emperor being away in Egypt, and the Empress and the rest of the Court at Pesth. Things, however, will soon mend, as the Austrians, like *la vie de chateau* as little as the Parisians, when the leases are beginning to fall, and I hear on all hands confident expectations of Vienna being very full for the winter, to the great joy of the hotel-keepers in particular, and the shopkeepers generally. If Paris is stormy during the next few weeks, she will doubtless send many families to us for the winter, who would have preferred the former city had not Rochefort, *et hoc genus omne*, made it no longer an abode of peace for those for whom the Marseillaise and the *canaille* have no charms. I hear excellent accounts of the reception of the Emperor of Austria at Constantinople, and that the two countries are perfectly agreed to act in unison in Dalmatia and Montenegro, and to give the "Northern Colossus no opportunity to make the Cattaro insurrection a pretext for stirring up our old friend, the Eastern question." Next week I will tell you what is going on in Vienna in the way of amusement; at present I have not had time to go anywhere, having only arrived here late last night.

FOXHOUNDS,

PAST AND PRESENT.

WHEN I concluded my last article on this subject, it was not my intention to add to what I had then written; but as the controversy is still going on between the votaries of the hound as he is, and those who would have him as they suppose he has been, perhaps I may be allowed to add an appendix to what has already appeared in *The Man About Town*.

In the first place, I must say that a very fair trial for the merits of each has been proposed, the said trial to be accomplished in this way—viz., to send a dog of each class to some thoroughly unprejudiced and independent kennel, there to work with the pack for a time, and then let the huntsman of those hounds give his verdict as to which acquitted himself best. Any fairer or more satisfactory trial than this could scarcely be arrived at, unless a couple of each kind had been sent; and by all those who take an interest in hounds, it would have been looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. And who, now that the leaf is falling, the racing jacket hung up for the season, and all summer diversions and fine weather sports at an end, does not take an interest in hounds?

This trial is declined by the advocate of the old, or what he calls the true hound type; first because he cannot spare his test dog from stud duties; secondly, because he fears his being ridden over by the field, or worried by strange hounds. The first of these excuses only can hold good, because the other risks are incurred every season by owners of very valuable stud hounds, and there can be no more danger for the true type of hound than for the modern, unless, indeed, he is so slow as not to be able to keep out of the way of the field. He further adds that he has proved their superior excellence in a far more satisfactory manner, though it appears hard to understands how he can have done so, unless he hunts a country with hounds of this description, and can kill foxes with them where foxhounds could not do so. In that case, it is strange we have heard nothing of such a pack, as in these days of rapid communication but few lights are hid under a bushel. If such be the case, perhaps he would kindly inform those interested where hounds are to be seen, that they may take a look at them in their work, and judge for themselves. As regards mere nose, I am quite willing to admit, hounds with the bloodhound cross, (the one recommended) may be *equal* to the modern foxhound, but I should like to know whether they have been called on to stand the work he does. Such a cross may answer for the "cart and calf" business where they are laid on the scent of their game at once, have a run of, say, three hours at the outside, and are often stopped during that time, and then have their work over for the day, though here they are not quite A 1, as I hope to show presently. They may also do for hare-hunting, where there is no drawing, and they never have long journeys either to the meet or home. But what I want to know is, will they stand a long draw in woodlands, and perhaps an hour or two with a fast fox, amidst black-thorns and brambles, and then, when their faces are scratched, their sides torn and sterns sore, throw themselves into a thick gorse of fouror five acres—perhaps double that size—draw it so as to find their fox, work him out of it, and then, after an hour or an hour and a half's run, trot twenty miles home with their sterns up, and the next day be ready to answer their huntsman's call, and jump readily off the benches when he walks them out? This is what fox-hounds are asked to do every week during the season. From eight o'clock in the morning until nine or ten at night is no uncommon time for them to be absent from kennel, and forty miles on the road is every now and then added to their work of drawing and hunting. Until they have been through this ordeal, it cannot be said any hounds are equal to the foxhound.

Harriers can and often have run with a fox, but they could not do foxhounds' work nevertheless. As I before said, the cross, with a half-bred blood-hound, is recommended. That, perhaps, may not be quite so prejudicial as with a real bloodhound, provided the other part of his ancestry is formed of good foxhound strains; but that it would in any one way improve our hounds I cannot admit. T. Smith, of Hambledon fame, tried crossing with a real blood-hound, but I never heard that he went on with the strain, as such a thorough sportsman would have done if assured of its excellence. The same thing was also tried in the Tedworth Kennel a few years ago, but was not persevered with. So far, then, we may safely conclude that it did not prove a success. I happen to know, and be very intimate with, a gentleman who has for some years bred in this way, and I can safely say that, with the one exception of nose, which I believe is neither better nor worse than in pure foxhounds, deterioration in every way has been the result. The young ones are delicate, shy, and bad-tempered. They have not nearly the dash of foxhounds, and are cut up very badly from hard work They have degenerated in size and bone, but far more in power, and, with their throaty necks and heavy shoulders are no more like the real thing than a half-bred barb is like Lord Lyon, Bluegown, or Sunshine.

Many a time I have seen them at the end of a long run with deer, straggling along one after the other like a string of ducks, and carrying about as much head. In fact, although they would run pretty well together at first, after a few miles not even frequent stoppages could keep head and tail together. This also, not from disparity in pace, but from the fact that they would not push and strive for the lead as the pure-bred foxhound will. In fact, they wanted dash, and were slack in the extreme. Let their nose be as fine as it may, their softness spoils them. I fancy this would also be the case if a cross with fresh harriers, or any hounds of that kind, was resorted to, though no doubt they would prove stouter than the bloodhounds. I heard the question asked when hunting with Mr. Bisset, "Why don't you use bloodhounds for tufting?"—"Because neither they nor anything but foxhounds are hard enough for the work," replied an old stag-hunter. As I said before, we have the material as good as ever, and it only wants a little judgment in breeding and education to restore us now the same style of hunting that some so deplore as lost. If they do not believe this let them go and see Mr. Deacon's pack work it out inch by inch over the cold hills of Hampshire, where it is all woodland, flint, and chalk. But then he teaches his young ones to hunt the foxes, not his horse. When others follow the example, we shall hear less about loss of nose. The old ones had their Merkin, Lounger, and Bluecap, that could go the pace as well as modern hounds, and these, at any rate, could have had much cumber to carry in the shape of coarse necks and heavy shoulders. At the same time, although they did not forget pace, they took care to make them hunt.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

PRIZE WORD NO. IV.—SILVER.

DEAD HEAT FOR FIRST PLACE BETWEEN THE COLT AND THE FILLY—

While Adam was digger and delver,
While Eve was a Spinster, though wed,
Men knew nothing of gold and of silver,
But traded by barter instead.

ADAM SMITH ..... †

When Adam was digger and delver,
When Eve was both Spinster and Wife,
They cared nothing for gold or for silver,
And lived such an innocent life!

EVANGELINE ..... †

There was nothing near the first pair. After a wide interval the three following raced home in a cluster—

It was a steep and craggy hill, ver-
Tical, or nearly so;
Around it streamed the moonbeams silver,
And up he clambered, cheerly so!

FAITH.

Aconite paste is the best stuff to kill ver-
Min of all sorts if you're wishful.
It is sold very cheap, too—for one single silver
Shilling will purchase a dishful.

HOPE.

JACK and JILL—vir-
Tuous pair—
Dropt in silver—
Left it there!

CHARITY.

Quâk-Quâk goes in too much for the quackeries. He will be a case for the Coroner if he don't take care.
We await the next bulletin with much anxiety—

I've been physicked with Dalby and Dill, ver-
Mifuges, draught, clyster, and pill,
Arsenic, iron, and nitrate of silver,
Till I really begin to feel ill.

QUAK-QUAK.

Damp, dismal, and chill *Ver*
Approaches, repining;
All clouds, without silver
On facing or lining.
Ver non semper viret.

In the dead of night when he thought I slept,
To my house the stealthy burglar crept
In quest of gold and silver;
I laughed in my sleeve as he searched the room,
And sounded my coffer—an empty tomb—
And I shouted "*Ex nihilo nil vir !*"*

* Fur! would have been the more obvious remark, but rhyme before everything.

D.

Have you ever heard of the rill Ver,
That runs through St. Albans in Herts?
It glistens and sparkles like silver,
As it passes the town which it skirts.

TINTINABULUM.

[Ver is, we suppose, a ver-itable rill?]

You ask for a good rhyme to silver;
Fork out, then, if I'm to be pumped,
For I always have been, and am still, Vir
Pauper, that's Latin for "stumped."

TRIPLE HARPE.

When asked to find a rhyme to silver,
I knit my brow and straight did delve or
Dig deep into my brain; when twelve or
More rhymes appeared that answer ill ver-
Sicular art, yet still fulfil ver-
Nacular need and rhyme to silver!

J. W. U.

I've often said, and say so still, *vir*
Justus is that man
Who thinketh not of gold and silver,
But does what good he can.

MARLINGSPIKE.

Provincialism is not vulgarism, and "Farmer F." is welcome to an "entry"—

The other day when I at fair
Bought wether lambs and chilver,
They cost a lot I do declare
In notes and gold and silver.

[Ewe lambs in Dorset and Somerset are called Chilver lambs.]

"I've called Mr. Moses again to renew
That nice little paper called Bill;" "Ver'
Goot, Sir," says Mosey, "but still I'd prefer,
That you paid me in gold or in silver."

LANCE.

The motto does the Vernon House
Very truthfully fulfil—"*Ver-*
Non semper viret"—for this says,
"Vernon always flourishes."
The reason is—it's gold and silver.

ZENO.

Whether life and its length, whether man's gold and silver,
Whether spring time is meant with its emerald hue,
'Tis the truest of maxims decreed by His will, *Vi(e)r*
Non semper viret, time will prove of *us* too.

VERDANT GREEN.

The race was for a pair of cups—
One gold, the other silver.
I tried to keep my craft's head straight,
But sadly did she still veer;
Spite of my skill I lost the race,
With its cups of gold and silver.

PAN.

Bad luck to Gladstone Bill—fur!
A man of letters three;
Who freely parts his silver,
To pouch our gold so free!
To town he sent son Will; ver-
Dant as grass was he;
Scarce fit to count the silver
Thats in the Treasurie!
Again bad luck to Bill—*vir*
Erat nullâ fide—
Let's keep our gold and silver,
And not be plagued with he!

CRATINUS.

The moon's pale rays of shining silver,
Fall upon the tranquil breast
Of many a gently flowing river,
Hush'd to-night in peaceful rest.

TARTAR.

The Judge sat in the Judge's chair.
Backer and layer, and welsher were there;
Many a lord and many a squire;
Many of whom had backed "the Prior";
With a great many more who were anxious to lay
More than their books against "Far Away."
But it was said in the ring
That a real good thing
Was the filly by Y. Melbourne out of Lady E velyn
This being the case,
A crown for a place
I invest, to win something over the race.
At length the flag falls, the race is run,
The judge gives his verdict, "Westminster's won."
Cerdagne number two,
Nearly landing a *coup*,
Which "Cardinal York" also attempted to do,
I look for the mare who carries my silver;
And well I may look, nine pass until her
Jockey walks in with that "certainty" Sylva.

ALINE.

PRIZE WORD No. V.—PORRINGER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad to learn that the winner of No. II, signed "Manilla," is so well pleased with his (?) prize. "Neat but not gaudy," was exactly what we wished to make it. We hope he (?) will try again—and be again in luck.

Will the winner of Prize III. kindly mention whether he prefers the "dry" or the "fruity"? Please answer soon, as we want to get this hamper out of the way.

We agree entirely with "Puzzled" that "opinions differ," and believe implicitly his assurance that he was quite ignorant of the French epigram.

J. L. P.'s highly meritorious attempt to win the "Natal" Prize must have somehow gone astray. Very sorry, but it is too late now to question the judge's award.

GEORGE would have been "well up," if he had been "up" to trim.

Competitive papers have also been received from Nimbo, Jay-be-em, Spooney, Tom, Cogs, Cigarette, Vettius, Bolanus, Postscript, Man in a Hurry, Georgie, Jacktatus, H. E. M., Hoddesdon, Agricola, Captive, Plussy, Joskin, Invalid, Atiguis, Iota, Imerald Islander, Paddy from Cork, Guaper, Gulf, Siderolite, Parisian, Cordero, Justitia, Sax, Urbanas, Nunc est Bibendum, J. T. L, Y., Old Mortality, J. L. P., Puzzled, Silly Suffolk, Verularianum, Arran, Sabel Kiltue, Disappointed Dick, Moss of Marshvill, Woolwich, Vagabond, Nimph, Zoo, Bond Street, C, A. W., George, Nunbus, Drunk Again.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

IT is with much satisfaction that we find our old good opinion of Mr. Barry Sullivan, interrupted only by a few words of *Plain English*, renewed and confirmed by his steady adherence to the sound principles with which he set out. The production of such plays as have figured in the bills of the Holborn Theatre of late is, in these days, no less creditable to a manager than the care and liberality with which they have been placed upon the stage. That anyone should be bold enough to invite an audience fresh from *Formosa* or *The Willow Copse* to such entertainments as *The Gamester* or *The Lady of Lyons* is remarkable enough; but that it should be thought expedient to dress such old friends in their best to do us honour is even stranger and more praiseworthy. Mr. Sullivan has shown that he possesses judgment and energy sufficient to fill a theatre; we sincerely wish him an audience, waxing nightly, which may prove that he has commanded the success he thoroughly deserves.

The ultra sentimental, but poetical, pleasing, and popular *Lady of Lyons*, produced last Saturday, does not usually form a land mark for the critic, being generally resuscitated, at the eleventh hour, with old "scenery," faded "dresses," and time-dishonoured "appointments," either as a vehicle for some provincial celebrity, or as a stop-gap while Mr. Lyme Lyte's (the great sensational dramatist) great piece is being rehearsed by the carpenters. But under Mr. Sullivan's management an event which has hitherto been of meagre significance acquires no little interest and importance. Had Lord Lytton been an aspiring author "of the period," whose dramatic aim was to incite fie-fie heroines to drown themselves, his play could hardly have received politer attention at the hands of actor, scene painter, or costumier. Claude Melnotte is one of the happiest impersonations of the manager, than whom, indeed, it would, at the present moment, be impossible to find a better representative of the poetical "gardener's son." Nothing can be better than the impulsive vivacity with which the earlier phases of the character are pourtrayed, while in the deeper tones it subsequently acquires Mr. Sullivan's manly and restrained acting was almost equally satisfactory. Mrs. Hermann Vezin's Pauline, if not quite so "tender and true" as that of Miss Helen Faucit, whose impersonation is now unhappily a thing of the past, was, especially in the more passionate scenes, of a high order of merit. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* were very efficiently represented, Mr. Stephens' Damas being especially vigorous and characteristic. Altogether the production of *The Lady of Lyons* was marked by good judgment, good taste, and goodwill, the last named being the well-deserved tribute of the audience.

A new play, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, is announced as "in active preparation" at the Lyceum; and the Queen's will be gladdened, on the 4th of next month, by a new drama, "in preparation for some months" past, by Mr. F. C. Burnand.

Mr. H. Hall, whom middle aged playgoers will remember as "Charles Courtly," and young novel readers call to mind in connection with "The King's Mail," has struck out a new path for himself, and made his appearance as a reader. After some trial trips in the provinces Mr. Hall took his first plunge in London waters on Tuesday at the Hanover Square-rooms, where he read to a large and critical audience a selection, grave and gay, from some of the best English authors. Blessed with an agreeable presence, a fine voice, and an excellent delivery, Mr. Hall was thoroughly successful in raising the sympathies of his hearers, and may reckon confidently on a continuation of the success which has attended him in other spheres.

Halting midway between dramatic representation and drawing-room entertainment, Miss Bouverie's "Recitals" hold a very pleasant place among the amusements of the day—and night. Assisted by Mr. George Melville and Mr. Gaston Murray, Miss Bouverie gives choice excerpts (we had almost said elegant extracts!) from *As You Like It*, *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, with a taste and completeness, at all events of outline, refreshing in these halcyon days of sensation. Lady Macbeth and Juliet are both carefully-studied and powerful impersonations, but it is in the sunny creation of Rosalind that Miss Bouverie shines most brightly, and with which she is most likely to be identified. Messrs. Melville and Murray ably second the efforts of the fair manageress, and aid in the construction of a very taking entertainment, both for youths and such as be of riper years.

ONE FOR ROCHEFORT.—*La France*, at an awkward moment, republishes from *La Lanterne* the following *mot*, signed "Rochefort:" "I have observed that a man who wishes to be a Deputy is capable of anything."

GOOD NEWS FOR "OUR UNCLES."—It is reported that "by an indiscretion" the news that the Princess Margherita meant to redeem from the Mont de Piété of Naples, all pledges under ten francs, became known, and hundreds rushed to the branch offices to put articles in pawn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. (Dover).—Any one not blind would have seen that it was a Printer's error. Nobleman and gentleman should have read noblemen and gentlemen.

A. A. (Exeter).—We are obliged for your suggestion, on which it is possible we may act at some future time.

Harvey.—None of your sauce. We are a free Burgess.

L. S.—First folio, 1623; second, 1634. The first is infinitely the more valuable. A perfect copy, in good preservation, with the portrait by Droeshout, and the verses by Ben Jonson, might be worth 300*l*.

Gray's Inn.—We never answer legal questions. Firstly, because we never interfere with lawyers, whom we hate and fear. Secondly, because we know nothing whatever about law, except as occasional defendant on civil process. Thirdly—but further explanation is useless.

Vancouver.—We know nothing which can be *relied* on to produce luxuriant whiskers, but have heard Irish stew (applied cold) favourably mentioned. Your cat might give you a hint—or the late Lord Mayor; but probably you look better without them. Send us your photograph.

A. H. T.—Returned with thanks.

H. Payne.—We know nothing against the particular office to which you refer.

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY.

We have to express our extreme regret that an article reflecting upon the Turf policy of Sir Joseph Hawley should have found its way into these columns last week. We beg to offer to Sir Joseph Hawley the most unqualified apology for its insertion.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

It is comical enough to note the fluctuations of public opinion (I write this before knowing the result of the Great Isthmus Stakes) with respect to M. de Lesseps and his undertaking. I recollect, when the project was mooted here years ago on 'Change and in the Halls of Science, among stockbrokers and professors, that Laughter, holding both his sides, assisted by Contempt, with all his fingers at his nose, would but feebly express the reception accorded to the scheme of the enterprising Gaul. Elaborate essays were written to prove the undertaking, on forty-two different grounds, physically impossible, Practical engineers denounced the project as insanity. Eminent "financial" minds upbraided it as jobbing of the deepest dye. Had we been combating Stephenson like our grandfathers we could scarcely have been more earnest or obstinate in our self-conceit. And the indomitable Frenchman went on at his work, engineering and financial, closing his ears to abuse and ridicule, and keeping his eyes fixed on the goal, until, with outward delight but suppressed agony, the prophecicrs of evil find the glorious work achieved, and the day fixed for the triumphal inauguration of one of the noblest and most stupendous works of the century. M. de Lesseps, if he have as good a memory as I on certain points, which is more than probable, must have laughed in his sleeve at the congratulatory articles which have appeared, generally in advance of the closing, or rather opening scene, in some of the leading journals. Of course they are right to hedge, but they might have frankly stated that they commenced by "overlaying their books."

The winter collections (I speak not of ecclesiastical tribute), which help us pleasantly through the dreary months, are in full blast, if I dare use such a word, which, as Mrs. Brown would say, looks maritime enough, though never myself further than Gravesend, and then unwell all the way. Suffolk Street, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall all pull the lover of art different ways, and as all have something to show him, are reasonably situated, and may be "done," including catalogues, for a few shillings, we may do worse than turn into one for a few minutes on a chilly morning. If you don't care about pictures, the rooms are warm, cheerful, and furnished with seats, and you can sit there all day for a shilling. You may not (openly) bring bread and cheese or anything in a bottle, nor may you smoke, but you may sleep till dinner time, and if that be not change for a white one I am no true man. Perhaps the pleasantest of the three Graces I have mentioned is the French Gallery in Pall Mall. It affords more variety, it is contained in one room, and it is opposite *Epitaux's*. The collection it displays this year, the seventeenth of its life, consists of little more than 200 works of the English and Foreign school, the latter being especially interesting. One of the finest examples, due to the brave Belgians, is "Jealousy," by M. Portaels, a half-length figure admirably posed and *alight* with suppressed passion. The expression of the face, so set and deadly, the working of the throat, and the nervous clutch of the lithe hands are indicated with wonderful power. The management of the drapery and the way in which its tones of white are handled are alike excellent. The place of honour is filled by M. Piloty's great delineation of the famous bit of amateur wet-nursing performed by Maria Theresa. Carefully studied as is the grouping, gorgeous as is the colour, and excellent as is the treatment of such details as the pearl grey dress of the central figure, the picture is a fine failure, leaving no impression save that of admiration for much good, conscientious work misapplied. The third conspicuous position in the room is occupied by a feeble-minded, boneless, contorted, feminine Hamlet in a kind of riding-habit, the weakest and most absurd representation of that much-injured Dane (though that is a bold word) I have ever looked upon. A word must suffice in recognition of the careful work and fine elaboration of the "Visit" by M. Koller, and another word convey all my admiration for the sound, truthful, yet not attractive sea-scapes of M. Clays, which but for the occasional spottiness of the water would be really admirable.

Of our countrymen Mr. Faed and Mr. Nicol reproduce themselves with astonishing correctness, and Mr. Hayllar, immortaliser of shiny and precocious children, has gone backwards instead of forwards. Mr. Orchardson's "Idol," a rather lank matron with bare arms contemplating a chubby boy (admirable in *pose* and expression), at the other end of a yellow sofa, is painfully clever. The details are coarsely and carelessly painted, but there is power in every turn of Mr. Orchardson's brush, misuse it how he will. Mr. Pettie's "Romeo and the Apothecary" is not so good as it should be. The youthful Montagu is a middle-aged, careworn gentleman, who looks as if he were about to purchase twopennyworth of senna for internal disturbance. The Apothecary is not the traditional man of drugs, but is sufficiently lean and old. The "beggarly account" looks like a *dessert*. His other contribution, "A Hard Fight," is still more unsatisfactory. Mr. Burgess is admirable in the "Padre's Visit"—a true reminiscence of Spain, which leaves such clever imitations as Mr. Long's (and Broad's, it might be) "Liberty of Creed" leagues behind. Mr. Horsley's "Cosy Corner" is smug vulgarity, and I can say nothing more of our people except that Mr. Goodall's "Sinai Sheik" is clever and effective in drawing and colour.

As to our "lively neighbours," with the exception of M. Billotte, to whose ghostly *Hamlet* I have referred, I have nothing to say in this connexion, except that M. Jalabert has no right to travesty M. Paul Delaroche, and that M. de Jonghe (who should paint in cod liver "oils") has a dexterous and very French bit in his "Picture Book." But with that name he must be a Dutchman, in which case I beg him to accept my light brown apologies.

I always imagined the Polytechnic, with its steam-engine, diver, and Enormous Induction Coil, to be of the straightest sect of scientific institutions—the one spot where, in these days of unwholesome stimulus, he who Peppered the highest was *not* the surest to please. The introduction of ghosts, though, perhaps, not strictly in accordance with the *genius loci*, had too strong a flavour of science about it to be cavilled at, and Mr. Buckland's name was a guarantee for his pleasant entertainments being not *altogether* made up of vocal and instrumental puerilities. With what a crash, then, the following announcement came upon me may be conceived:—"*The Mysteries of Udolpho*.—Synopsis of the effects to be produced in this old, stirring romance, with the aid of the latest application of the Ghost Illusion. Innumerable spectres appear and disappear. Professor Pepper and Mr. Pichler produce the startling novelty of four spirits emanating from one, and mysteriously returning to their 'shadowy homes.' The midnight hour is 'tolled,' when a skeleton, devised by Mr. Beale, is thrown on the disc upon which is represented the castle hall. Black-beetles crawl in the dungeon vaults." I thought that Mrs. Radcliffe had been entirely snuffed out by Miss Braddon, or that, at all events, if her famous romance yet existed in more than tradition, it was on the forgotten shelves of the circulating library at Little Brinington, where, in company with a wheel of fortune, the wounded and the dead of literature find grim and dusty repose. To find the Radcliffe-Highway of Romance opened up at the Polytechnic is, in the language of Mr. Swiveller, a staggerer. The Mysteries of Udolpho by the side of the Tentoonstelling is an amazing companionship. The Professor, to whom the touches as to the "four spirits emanating from one," the "shadowy homes," and the "black-beetles in the dungeon vaults," are probably due, is a versatile man. But such a combination of white and black Pepper as astronomy and Mrs. Radcliffe is—if I may be allowed to use the expression—a sneezer.

London Lyrics.

No. IX.

THE TOOTHPICK SCHOOL.

Hast thou come from some dinner Elysian,
Sweet swell with the necktie divine?
Art thou somewhat awry in thy vision
Since that last luscious bumper of wine?
Has a coarse cabman troubled thy spirit
By quarrelling over the fare?
What matter? Thou knowest thy merit,
Gentle scion of Grosvenor Square.

In a prominent stall thy chief seat is,
Happy man, with a credit at Bubb's,
And to watch thee, Adonis, my treat is—
Thou a Howard, and I but a Stubbs!
All my interest is lost in the drama—
What to me is a Neville or Toole?
No Chinee ever bowed to the Llama,
As I to thee of the gay Toothpick School!

What to me the critique of the *Standard*,
The *Times*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*?
I know they must try in the Strand hard
To please thee, society's pet;
Thy taste of all acting the test is,
Thy applause the one object to gain;
That play of all others the best is
Whose plot to thy powers is plain.

If Fechter makes love thou canst laugh at him,
If Nilsson should sing thou canst sleep;
If Wigan is calm thou canst chaff at him—
Sad scenes make thee sneer and not weep.
No Clayton, no Vining, no Vezin
Can wake thee to triumphs of art;
At pathos thy sport is in sneezing—
It is legs that thou lovest, not heart.

While the silly throng round thee is listening
With interest intense to the play,
While many a bright eye is glistening,
What thou callest thy thoughts are away;
And loudly thy bold conversation
Interrupts the fond ear of the fool—
What matters his coarse indignation,
Bright chief of the gay Toothpick School?

In spite of the frowns and the mutterings
Thou dost chatter and chew thy sweet quill;
How idle the poor actor's splutterings—
Thou canst not and wilt not be still.
Thine, thine are the glitter and glories,
The world has been made but for thee;
O go on with thy jokes and thy stories,
Thou art a grand model for me.

Dost thou taste in thy honied employment
A pleasure but known to a few?
Dost thou gather a priceless enjoyment
From thy simple yet succulent chew?
Dost thou reap intellectual pleasure,
Does thy fancy poetic run loose,
As thou bitest thy newest-found treasure,
A portion transparent of goose?

O remark not that birds of a feather,
Sour cynic, while watching that chew,
Not unfrequently gather together—
Hint it not, O whatever you do!
Wrong not the divine inspiration
That prompts the remarks loud and cool
Of the unexplored imagination
Of the brilliant and bright Toothpick School!

And lo! now the drama is over,
The curtain that's known as the green
Has fall'n on the joy of the lover,
The right ending of the last scene.
Mark, I pray you, the smiles of Adonis,
His new warmth your cold heart must win;
His insatiable talk-talk all gone is—
The *burlesque* is about to begin!

O legs that dance lightly before us,
O necks and O shoulders and hair!
O solos and duets and chorus,
Lady princes and *confidantes* fair!
O phantasmagorial sensation,
Scant vestures and powder and paint!
O red fire and grand transformation,
At your triumphs we must falter and faint.

O wit that's so sparkling and clever,
O humour so pointed and rare,
O power of puns that seems never
To slack in congenial air!
O rapturous rhyming and singing!
O ballet profuse, picturesque!
Far and wide thou thy trophies are flinging,
Soul inspiring and noble Burlesque!

Here Genius must silently lay down
Her laurels and bays that are dead;
And should Poetry unhappily stray down
The Strand she must low bow her head.
Thou hast conquered! Thine, thine is the hour!
And now it is thy turn to rule;
Let thy grateful hand deck with a flower
Button-holes of thine own Toothpick School!

To thy gorgeous throne it has raised thee,
And it worships at thy tinsel shrine;
It has glorified, welcomed, and praised thee,
And owns no dominion but thine!
Thou surpassest its brandies and sodas,
And even its billiards and pool;
All rivals are dead as the dodos,
Thy slave is the fast Toothpick School!

I will hie me to some trusting tailor,
Go garbed in expensive array;
I will heed not the cynic or railer,
But lounge all my hours away.
What though I an ass may be voted,
And many may deem me a fool?
Heart and soul I am henceforth devoted
To burlesque and the gay Toothpick School!

A SPLIT IN THE CABINET.—We have every reason to believe Her Majesty's Ministers cannot agree on the Irish Land Question. Mr. Bright's absence from the Lord Mayor's banquet has not been accounted for in any way, and as far as we know has not been noticed by any newspaper whatever. Mr. Layard's spring from the Board of Works to Madrid looks very much as if he considered it just as well to leave the good ship "Cabinet" before her crew were compelled to take to the pumps. However, we expect the ship will hold on until Parliament meets, and when the Irish Land Question is discussed, go down with all hands, except Mr. Layard, on board.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

I REGRET very much that last week I commented, in very unguarded terms, upon the conduct of Sir Joseph Hawley in scratching Siderolite for the Liverpool Cup, and on other matters connected with his turf policy. I have since learned that there was no foundation whatever for the charges I then made against him, and I take this, the earliest opportunity, of saying that, after making inquiries, I am only too glad to find that, in the matters in question, Sir J. Hawley acted in every respect as a gentleman and a sportsman. The least I can do now is, without reserve, to withdraw what I was betrayed into writing, on false information, last week, with the fullest apology to Sir J. Hawley, for having written it.

The Shrewsbury "revels" have been most successful this week, and for five days have they been kept up with an unflagging spirit. Their existence at this time of the year proves how deeply rooted in every Englishman is the love of racing; their success shows the vitality of the Turf, even in spite of its drawbacks. Only conceive, for a moment, what the pleasures of horse-racing at Shrewsbury in November must be.

In the first place, there is a long journey in very miserable weather; then, when you have arrived at the "seat of war," there is the wet ground to stand upon; a cold, damp, biting wind, that will freeze every drop of blood in your body; and then it is pitch dark before you get home from the course, and you have a horrible long night at your hotel to get through after all you have suffered in the open air; and yet Englishmen are to be found in thousands who will not only go through all this, but absolutely enjoy it. I don't think that a Frenchman, or a German, or yet a Russian, would be found to assist at November meetings, and I am sure a Yankee would hesitate before he put in an appearance on a racecourse a month before Christmas-day; and yet we hear it often said by foreigners that the race of Englishmen is deteriorating! Is it? Then let some foreigner attend Shrewsbury or Warwick *Winter* Meeting, and, after shivering and shaking there as long as he can, he will return, I think, to his native country a disbeliever in the decay of the English race, and a wiser man. There was not much in the racing at Shrewsbury to call for remark. The sport was far better than at Liverpool, the fields much larger, the "quality" of the horses much higher.

The racing on the Monday was certainly a benefit for the "Brothers Bloss," who carried everything before them, and they only just missed the great event—the Shrewsbury Cup—on the third day. I fancy the Chaplin-Machell-Legard confederacy wanted a turn sadly, and no one will grudge them their luck at the back end; for, like Sir Joseph Hawley, they run their horses as straight as a line, and that fact, in these degenerate days, covers a multitude of sins.

A dead heat for a hurdle race of two and a quarter miles is a most unusual event, and how the rider of Brick came to allow Fan to catch him on the post is a mystery. How much Brick must have been supposed to have in hand was shown by the price—4 to 1—laid on him for the deciding heat, and he justified the odds by winning in a walk. Brick was supposed to be "in reserve" for Croydon or Liverpool, but after his victories this week he is certain to have a stopper put on him, and his victorious career put an end to. Brick was also supposed to have broken down years ago when first favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas, but he seems sound enough now, and will be heard of, I fancy, in the jumping line, for many years to come. The expression "broken down" is often used when not at all applicable, for if it means anything it means *hors de combat*, out of court, done for, &c.; but in spite of that, "broken-down" horses are constantly running and winning, and, in fact, seem all the better for their fall.

A TURF ENIGMA.

BY "AMPHION."

TWIN children of the King of Day,
They gladden mortals as they stray
Along life's bleak and dreary way.

One, firstborn of the solar beam
When earth awoke from Chaos' dream,
Drew from its fount her golden stream.

Exulting, free, and uncontrolled,
Her dazzling chariot wheels were rolled
In floods of amber and of gold,

As at creation's primeval birth
She wakes the sons of men to mirth,
Gilding the pathway of the earth—

Save when a film of clouds would hide
The planet from the laughing guide,
Like snowy veil some blushing bride;

Or when the brooding storm's embrace
With tears of envy would deface
The smile of earth's revolving grace.

The other, of less wayward mood
To sister's influence subdued,
Like maiden's love by womanhood,

Gives earnest of his stedfast reign,
Though Winter sweep the windy plain
With cloudy horrors in her train.

Though morn in ghostly mist may break
O'er silent stream and frozen lake,
He comes the sleeping eye to wake,

Her joyful message clamouring loud,
Who smiles behind yon leaden cloud,
Like beauty sleeping in a shroud.

And as, rejoicing in the smile
Of her who rules this puissant isle,
Seen now and then a little while,

We half forget the stedfast power
That sheds its influence hour by hour,
Like perfume from some hidden flower,

And in its silent overflow
Invades far realms of arctic snow,
And subject tropic's golden glow,

So in the glory of *her* might
We joy, unmindful of *his* light
Who day by day renews our sight;

Though both, in nature and in name,
An undivided homage claim,
Their causes and effects the same.

IN THE ARENA.

TEN years ago athletics were almost unknown. Here and there was some one who, although but a moderate performer, enjoyed a high reputation from the total absence of competition. Captain Barclay was one of these. That he was a splendid man there can be no doubt, and a man of very versatile accomplishments in the athletic line; but he never met any opponent but "time." He certainly had strength and endurance; he trained Tom Cribb for his match with Molyneux, and, we believe, in the daily practice with the mittens, Barclay could hit harder and last longer than Cribb. But there is very little doubt that his time was bad, as compared with that of the present day. We recollect the time when six miles an hour walking was considered the utmost an amateur could possibly be expected to do; now there is no chance for a man, even with a start, unless he can compass seven. The training now in vogue no doubt has something to do with all this; but it is competition, and the increase of public interest in sports of all kinds that have caused the vast improvement in the times made. There is no inducement to a man to try and walk seven miles in the hour if he can win with six, and the same in other things. We remember thinking it a rather good performance, some years ago, to walk down to Brighton in twelve hours, and, taking into consideration that it was done absolutely without training, and without preparation of any kind for refreshment by the way, the performance is still respectable. But the brothers Chinery surpassed this not long ago, and we have no doubt Mr. J. G. Chambers could do it, without

being distressed, in ten hours. Again, Mr. W. M. Chinery could have given any amateur of the last generation from one hundred to two hundred yards in a mile, and a beating, while Mr. J. G. Chambers could have given Captain Barclay five minutes' start, at least, in seven miles. This is all very satisfactory, and shows, at least, that, to whatever cause it may be due, an English gentleman at the present day is not inferior in his athletic capabilities to those of a past age. In rowing, too, we fancy, it is somewhat the same, and that the so-called inferior crews sent up by Oxford for the last few years would have given a good account of any of their ancestors. Among the professionals, we have now, on the river, the finest sculler ever seen, and there is also living the man who has accomplished the fastest mile on record. We should have thought all this was something to be proud of, and we say that any man with any public spirit, is, or ought to be, proud of anything that shows that we have not yet lost our manhood. But a writer in the *Times* views this, and probably all other manly sports, in a totally different light, and a lugubrious discourse is therefore delivered, interspersed with warnings against a too great indulgence in such things. Of course, the whole question is—what is too much?—which is a matter not to be decided upon by some poor creature with the jaundice or the ague. We can quite understand the *Times*—there never was anything manly or hearty about it, and its sporting inspiration seems to be derived from a maiden aunt. It is singularly ungrateful of the *Times*, moreover, to object—or rather affect to object—to recording even the College Athletic meetings of the two Universities. At this time of year, with Parliament out of session, the health of the Emperor of the French being tolerably good, and no European war, it is not a little for a newspaper to be able to fill a column with something that may be of interest; and when is added to this the opportunity for a leading article upon the question, the ingratitude becomes still more marked. The newspaper in question has been so hard-up for matter of late, that they have been reduced to the necessity of sending a special commissioner to Ireland to discover the numbers, and report fully upon the sleeping accommodation of the pigs of all Ireland. And to this is added full power to ascertain, from evidence on the spot, the highly interesting, but not by any means doubtful fact, as we should have thought, whether the Irish peasantry would like to be possessors of the soil, as well as of other property, without condescending to the dirty and un-Irish process of renting or purchase. The report by the *Times* of college sports is by no means a one-sided favour, and its conduct in this matter is shabby in the extreme.

There is no doubt that athletics are very far below rowing as a sport. There is nothing representative about them; every man goes on his own hook, and the tendency is to make men more selfish and less public spirited than rowing. This was shown in a case at Cambridge not very long ago, when a man who, it was supposed, would be a valuable addition to the "'Varsity," preferred seeking his own self-aggrandisement in the mile race at the athletic meeting, to helping the crew of his University in what he plainly foresaw would be a losing struggle against Oxford. Fortunately for the moral of the thing, he lost some honour, but won no pot. We can afford, however, to make allowance for all this, and yet contend that athletics of all kinds are to be encouraged. Athletics, properly so called, are certainly not more selfish in their moral effect than cricket. In the latter game, men occasionally go in to make some particular hit, or perhaps a long score, and that done care nothing for the fortunes of their side. But in all these, a man may, if he likes, assist the common cause; as, for instance, by sacrificing himself in order to take up the somewhat inglorious, though useful and patriotic position of making the running for another. Athletics, too, offer an additional field for a man's ambition; there are many who possibly never would have shone, either as oars or on the cricket-ground. To succeed and excel in anything gives a man self-respect, and to some extent helps his education properly so called. Some people there are, however, who never seem to succeed in anything save in the art of making themselves ridiculous. Of course anything carried to an excess is bad; this is a mere truism, and no more melancholy example can be given than that of persons who write so much that their writing is considerably in excess of their reading. After a long peace such as our country has enjoyed, nothing is more necessary than manly exercises of all kinds, and therefore we welcomed the Volunteer movement, which has done something to teach men that Providence designed them for some further purpose than that of sitting upon stools and getting money. Men go to the University to be educated in the best sense of the word—that is, to be fitted for men, and not money-getting machines; and, as a rule, they may be trusted to know the amount of time to be given to relaxation. It is equally in the recollection of all, how we were told that it was impossible for banks to close before four o'clock, and that a Saturday half-holiday was out of the question. Banks somehow manage—and we fancy without much difficulty, not to say with advantage to all parties—to close at three on Saturdays; while the general half holiday has been given without ruining our commerce, and with the good effect of enabling clerks to feel that they were human beings. The Volunteer movement has done something to stem the tide of effeminacy, and it might become a grand national institution; but if not permitted to put down Fenian sneaks and cowards, we fear it will never attain its proper position. The sports of the Universities have not as yet shown us any great form; and among the Freshmen at Oxford no one has distinguished himself, with the exception of Mr. Bergman, of St. Edmund Hall, in the long jump. It is early, though, at present, and many of the College sports have yet to come off, and some even do not take place till next term. Mr. Wilson, of Worcester College, one of the champions of last year, has not yet run so as to enable us to judge whether he is in last year's form. Unless he has deteriorated, he should be invincible at a hundred yards, and if he would run his quarter mile with a little more head, he would be very bad to beat at that distance. At Cambridge, Mr. Maitland ought to make a fair "miler," and amongst the old hands Mr. Ridley is the only one who could, bar accidents, make a race with Mr. Wilson at a quarter of a mile.

The stone "putting" has been very poor, with the exception of Mr. Phelps at Cambridge, and it will never be what it ought, until some alteration is made in the absurd rules that govern it. It is a feat emphatically requiring the weight of the body to be brought to bear in the act of putting; but at present the performer has to distort himself frightfully to keep within the mark. Sometimes he twists one leg round the other, presenting the appearance of the brazen serpent round the pole in the wilderness, and all this to avoid what is called "following." The right and natural way to "put" the stone is to follow; no one dreams of bowling a ball at cricket without following, but this is ten times worse because of the weight put, which should be done by the help of the body, and not the arm alone. The less restraint there is within certain limits the better; it may be very amusing to see men run a race with their legs hobbled, but it is not sport. There is another suggestion we have to make. At present the most manly and unobjectionable, not to say classical game that could be named, is absent from the programme of both Universities. We allude to "wrestling." There may be some objection to boxing, or rather glove-fighting. Men do not like to have their nose knocked into their mouth, or to have to get both eyes painted before attending lectures or chapel, or it may be on the eve of an interview with the "adored one." But against wrestling (Westmoreland and Cumberland style) nothing can be urged. Many of our readers must be able to look back upon the time when, as members of a reading party in the Lake district, they attended the wrestling at the Ferry on Windermere—there, with that glorious lake before us, on some bright autumn day, have we witnessed some of the finest struggles that could be seen. Do not tell us that the men are sold—we know they are sometimes, but not always, and a genuine struggle amidst the genuine cheers and quaint characteristic exclamations of the men of Cumberland is a sight worth going many a long mile to see, and we have often wondered how it came to pass that wrestling is unknown at the Universities. In spite, then, of editors and old women, we hope athletics of all kinds may live and flourish long at our Universities. There is not much time for such things afterwards; as one goes to the Bar and another to his merchandise, or another to his Cure, and in this country just now, there is need of men, rather than quacks. Studies need not be interfered with, and a man may be none the less learned because he is a racing man, a cricketer, or an athlete.

ON THE RIVER.

THAMES *v.* TYNE.

THE return match on Thursday between the rival crews of North and South was devoid of all interest. It was almost certain that, bar accidents, the North must win; and although there was a great many spectators, if the truth were told they only went out to see a procession of boats, headed by the Tyne crew. The first race showed the Thames men to be inferior, both in respect of pace and strength, and deficiency in the latter could not be easily remedied. Over the long Metropolitan course the "Thames" were never in the race; but on Thursday last the South crew led for some time, and showed that their pace, at least, was equal to that of their opponents. The change of stroke was undoubtedly a good move, as Kelly is not only a better and stronger man than Hammerton, but he also pulls at stroke better than anywhere. After the change, their boat went much better, and it was only lack of strength that caused their defeat. But the only thing that could have saved them would have been the substitution of two new men in the boat. Kelly and Hammerton are both good men, although rather stale; but the others are not up to the requisite form for such a race. Messenger was comparatively an untried man, and his father before him never much relished a long, stern chase. Two new men certainly should have been found of greater strength; besides which, a little new blood would have given more pluck and spirit to the whole affair. As we anticipated, the shorter course suited the Londoners better, and had the water been smooth, instead of there being, as was the case, a regular "sea" on, the result might have been different. The selection made of the Thames men was altogether a mistake from the first. Hammerton's crew had won a race from the Tyne men over a different course, and by a most undoubted fluke; and when it came to bringing forward a representative crew of Thames men, these things should not have been forgotten. Stronger and better men than those we have indicated might have been obtained, even between the first match and the return; and it would have been wiser to have risked a little want of training than to row with a beaten crew against the very same men who had vanquished them but a short time before. Notwithstanding, then, their double defeat by the men of the North, we are by no means clear that the Thames could not now furnish a crew capable of defeating the Tynesiders.

THE SEQUEL TO THE DEATH OF THE FALCON.

A WEFT.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

"Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wal es,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.'

BURNS.

IT was 3.30 by the village clock when the falcon gave his last gasp. Phœbus had dipped below the ridge of hills, yet still, reflected in the sky, his glory shone—one broad streak of gold, whilst a solitary purple cloud its amber lining showed. We were to dine with Frank at four, and it was just a mile by the Westburton-lane to the old farmhouse, with its vine-clad roof, and trellis-front, covered with the "red, red rose," the jasmine, the clematis, and the woodbine, whilst creepers in variety adorned the sides of the humble dwelling. The dinner presented altogether and entirely a Sussex bill of fare. Rumpsteak pudding with kidneys, mushrooms, and Emsworth oysters, a couple of roasted game fowls, and a boiled hand of pork; and if a man cannot make a meal off such provisions, why, let him clean the knives! Our beverage, if not primitive, was at least simple—sound sparkling cyder, and a curious home-made raisin wine of a Malmsey character, but *dry*, and closely resembling a fine, matured brown sherry

which I have frequently tasted in pleasant company at that excellent hostelry, the Greyhound at Dulwich. The mixing spirit selected by us all was what was heralded by Frank as "the *real* Schiedam," but the funny fellow knew as well as I did that it was "smuggled goods," softened by age. When the "Indian weed" was fairly alight, and its incense rose with the reek of the "toddy," I gave (by particular desire) a recital of my battle with the bird.

My history of the —th "decisive battle" was as graphic and truthful as that of Professor Creasy or of Pierce Egan in the palmy days of pugilism; and I had just finished my peroration in the Norvallic strain, "I fought and conquered," when "our host" dropped in with "Ay, ay, but you made a better shot when sauntering home and between the lights! You marked down three brace of birds, which were settling for the night in a piece of young wheat, showing a rough season. You hopped over the gate, and vowed that as you loved a bit of poaching you would 'stalk 'em,' and 'Cloddipole' answered your challenge. I followed in your wake. A brace rose at 30 yards to 'Cloddi,' who was on your extreme left. Boom! went his 12-pounder. He did not touch the second trigger, but the smoke from the one barrel was like the burning of a heap of twitch. A leash rose to you. I heard the smart, spiteful crack! crack! of the 'Vixen,' and saw two birds drop like stones to the flashes. Neither moved an inch, and I stepped the distances to be respectively 47 yards and 40 yards from your shoulder. Master George asked if you had shot, declaring at the same time that his birds were out of distance. The fact is, *you stopped the feathers*, whilst *he made them fly*, and I never shall forget the tone of defiance which his question elicited. You turned fiercely upon him, and said, 'What do you think of No. 8 and the "popgun" now, you simple Simon? Why, I would shoot with you at 7 blue-rocks on a day when the nor'-west or sou'-west winds blew their strongest, and you should have the choice of the side-wind. I would give you four yards in the rise, the use of both barrels, and, provided I am under cover, when you fire you may load those tubes up to the first weld.' You took some of the conceit out of Master George; he is evidently 'huffed,' continued Frank;" for when I asked him to dirty a plate with us, the 'Carle' muttered something about 'lambing down,' and said that his father wanted him to 'tend the ewes.'"

"But what provoked your theory of small shot, as opposed to an old and received maxim in shooting?"

"Simply because on a winter's morning I saw 'Fire-links,' as he was nicknamed, kill, down Leominster Rife, in succession, four and a half couples of ducks (four of which were doubles) with only *three quarters of an ounce* of No 8, driven by three drachms of coarse powder from a 15-bore £6 Birmingham gun, with barrels as soft as lead. And I thought the 'Vixen' could do as much upon occasion."

"Well, you have made *me* a sort of half-and-half convert to your theory of small shot for partridge shooting. But now for a song; what will you have?"

"What a night this is likely to be!" I mentally ejaculated as I filled what I intended to be my last pipe, and (tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon!) as I mixed my *third* tumbler of Hollands. I chose "Tom Moody." Frank was in fine fettle, and I thought I could trace an unusual depth of feeling in the lines—

"Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
Nor the welkin resound his burst in the chase!
With High over! Now press him! Tally ho! Tally ho!
High! Wind him, and cross him!
Now, Rattler, boy, hark!"

It was the last time I ever heard Frank sing that song. Ah, little did I think 'twould be the last! Still less did I dream that in after years I should tread, step by step, the Rookery-wood and Chestnut-coppice above the silvery Severn, the scene of Poor Tom's grandest hunting exploits, and where, when mounted on his favourite horse, "Old Soul" (described by one who gave the "rattling view-halloo" over Tom's grave, after this fashion—"I can't tell his height, but he was a big un"), none like him could

"Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the dreary echoes of the woods."

* * * * *

Let these asterisks be the drop-scene to an evening marked by geniality and sober conviviality—a friendly meeting, at which, as Rab would say,

"Care, mad to see a man so happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy."
"Nae man can tether time or tide:"

I heard the impatient pawing of the 12-hand brown-tan pony, "Jack," and the grinding of the wheels on the modest gravel approach, as the little Dartmoor rascal was fighting for his head.

"The hour approaches *I* maun ride."

A hasty "Good-bye, God bless you," and a thick rug tucked me up in the light gig with the high wheels.

"Lead him through the gates," said I to the carter; "don't check him or he'll rear. When on the hard road let go the rein in an instant; he will be in my charge then."

I always drove him with an exceedingly light "port-bit," and no curb. The light-hearted little rascal was cold, from standing twenty minutes in harness, and he cleared the village angles by only a shaving. But I let him have his head, with the exception of four ounces, just as a feeler, and to assert my right to command, for I knew that he must stop to the hill just before him. It skirted the coombe over which the falcon had in the morning hovered, and for length and inclination its only parallel in the home counties is Wrotham-hill in Kent. As Jack stopped to the incline close to Frank's lime-kilns, and commenced a zigzag walk, I fell into a train of thought. It was a calm, clear night, with not exactly a frosty, but a wholesome, seasonable atmosphere. Growing *Cynthia* her borrowed lustre lent, whilst millions of starry worlds, which round their suns their annual circle steer, hung glittering in the spacious air.

The spring from which flows my ripest, my richest, my choicest, and my dearest associations rises in "sunny Sussex." Within an area of 30,000 acres, extending from where the falcon fell to the sea coast, there was not a farmhouse in which I had not been a welcome guest, and, save *that one* from whose hearth I have been told I stole the *village rose*, there was no chimney corner, with the brand-irons, the fire on the hearth, the crackling fagot, and the Yule-log, which gave so warm a reception as did that of Frank's modest homestead. Many a pleasant day have I spent in Frank's society, and many nights too with him and his neighbour tillers of the soil, and have risen to "gang awa" only

"When the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies."

A thousand reminiscences floated past as "Jack" laboured up the steep. I could have told of red-breasted and blackbreasted birds, sent by Frank and his kinsman, and also by the Pulborough saddler, to the famous feeders, Nash and Fleming, in the palmy days of "Vestminster," when every main was fought in silver, and when George Cross, who drove the "Comet" coach brought back alive, after one particular main, 15 out of 16 birds sent up. Each one had throated a ginger-pile, a duck-wing, a grey-hackle, or a custard-pile, and had won his battle!

But the printer tells me he has strict injunctions not to allow my "head to be loose." Now, I never drove a horse in my life with a "bearing rein;" and why should "*Pegasus*" be reined in, like those noble steeds which drag fat Dowagers through the slough of West-end gaiety, and stand for hours with an excruciating strain upon the "silver cord," in front of Howell and James' emporium of fashion and *vertu*?

But now "Jack" has reached the crown of the hill, and his little hoofs patter ten miles an hour past the Houghton Down; and now the wheels rumble over that traditional subterranean passage which leads from the Castle-keep to the white-way lodges. As we entered the "Rough," shutting out with its tall, woody fringes the last faint rays of *Cynthia*, I shuddered as memory conjured up the tale of "Jack Allen," the footpad, who in this dreary bit of road shot at Jack Ibbetson, and lodged some ugly pieces of lead in the cantle of the saddle ("a d——d sight too near to be pleasant," as my informant remarked), and who afterwards, when Captain Sergison, who rode to capture him single-handed, called upon him to surrender, fitted a short barrel to its stock and shot him from off his horse. The Petworth volunteers were at once called out, and surrounding his stronghold, the "Tigley Wood," the wretch was shot through the head whilst in the act of drawing a bead upon the advancing party. I dropped the thong, attached to a long, punishing holly-crop, between Jack's collar and pad, and in a few seconds we were out of the gloom.

But the printer (and—"may his shadow never grow less!") has spoilt my peroration. This narrative of the "Death of the Falcon" has been written to support a *theory* in shooting, and possibly its only or chief merit is derived from the fact that every incident recorded has truth for its basis.

So no more at present, as the thresher said when he had *cleared* every dish on the table.

THE "SPORTING CLEARING HOUSE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MAN ABOUT TOWN."

SIR,—In a previous number of the *Man About Town* I briefly described the operation of the proposed Sporting Clearing House, regarded as a means of registering and keeping betting accounts. Another useful function it may be made to serve is, that of *settling* as well as keeping accounts. The *modus operandi* of this process we will now proceed to explain. We must, however, begin by laying down two preliminary but important conditions. First, the operation is, from beginning to end, entirely voluntary on the part of the sporting world. As no subscriber need use the "foils" described in our former paper, except for such bets as he wishes to have passed through the "Office," so, even if he uses the foil, he need not have it settled by the "Office" unless he pleases. If such should be his desire, he indicates it by writing "S.A." [for "Settling Account"] upon the foil, just as for safety or convenience one crosses a cheque; and it is only the foils so distinguished that are passed at the office through the settling books. Secondly, the "Office" neither receives money nor pays money, *as* money. It undertakes no responsibility, and requires no trust. It merely keeps accounts, and vouches for their accuracy, having a machinery so organised that any error can be at once discovered and corrected.

In order to work this Settling machinery, an account is opened with some first-class bank—say the Union or the Westminster—under the title of Settling Fund, to which every subscriber who pleases pays in whatever money he thinks proper, just so much as, in fact, he now finds it necessary to keep in his pocket or at hand with his banker, according to the nature and extent of his "transactions." For this sum he has a corresponding "credit" duly entered upon the "Settling book" at the "Office." Then, during the racing season, as the various events come off, he would receive on every Monday—or, at all events, on every Monday following any of the more important meetings—a balance-sheet, showing how he stood, and what had been the result of his operations during the past week, so far as they were disclosed by the foils which he had passed through the "Office." Of course it would be taken for granted, when the boxes were cleared on Monday morning, that all the "foils" had come in. If any were outstanding, the blame for negligence must rest with the subscriber himself. In this balance-sheet, which of course would only be sent to each subscriber for his own information, every bet would be set forth in detail, with special balances of winnings and losings upon every "event," and with a final sum total of gain and loss upon the whole meeting, adding thereto whatever balance may have previously stood to his credit in the "Office" books. Every one, accordingly, can see at a glance how he has "come through" and where he stands at the finish.

The balance-sheets are prepared at the office in the course of Monday—sooner or later, according to the amount of business done—and are delivered, by post or otherwise, sometime in the afternoon. Those lucky subscribers who have won, or who have not bet more than their previous credit will cover, need take no further notice. And the unlucky ones, who come out on the *minus* side, need do no more than pay into the bank, during the course of Tuesday, enough money to "square" the account, and have that fact properly intimated to the "Office." At the "Office," so far, therefore, the only operation performed is a simple adjustment of "credits," adding to one man's the net

amount of his winnings, and subtracting from another's the net amount of his losses. Tuesday being allowed as a day for "paying up," Wednesday may be regarded as the day for paying out. On that day, or on any day afterwards, the subscribers who wish to draw their winnings—or, indeed, to draw any money that may stand to their credit, whether won or not—apply at the Office, when they receive a warrant for whatever sum they require; and, upon taking this warrant to the bank, and signing a proper draft, they forthwith pocket the cash. The advantage and convenience of this method are sufficiently obvious. All the trouble and confusion, the perplexing competition, and possible disputes, which now invariably attend the process of settling after any of the principal race weeks of the season, are entirely escaped. Every account is adjusted easily, quickly, and by a few strokes of the pen. Everything becomes a mere matter of figures. We can, of course, understand that, by some people, and at certain times, this change would be regrettable. The actual grasp of a handful of crisp bank notes may, for example, shed a glow of satisfaction through one's frame, which no mere addition of two or three or even four figures to one's "balances" could communicate. It must, however, be remarked, *per contra*, that such Elysian experiences are sadly unfrequent—are always transitory—and necessarily afford pleasure only to one of two parties concerned. The operation of "parting" is not always a "sweet sorrow;" and, therefore, the winner may contentedly resign some of the ecstacy of receiving—if only on the *sors hodierna mihi* principle. As another result, not without its importance to betting men who are not also "leviathans" commanding unlimited capitals, this system renders it possible to work a betting-book with a much smaller amount of ready cash than is at present required. Every one who makes a big "book" on any series of events knows that he cannot safely face settling day without a hatful of money. Even if he is a good winner "on balance" he must come down provided with a lot of cash, as he cannot tell how his "men" may turn up; and if those to whom he has lost come in first—as they generally do—he must be ready with the "stuff," awaiting later opportunities to get back his own, with usury, when the losers drop it. From all these difficulties and annoyances the sporting fraternity would be spared if they pleased, and so far as they pleased, by getting their accounts settled through the "Office." A KNOWING CARD.

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OF THE

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Advertisements.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.

ANNUAL REPORT AND QUINQUENNIAL LIFE INVESTIGATION.

The Report and accounts for the year 1868, presented to the Shareholders at the ANNUAL MEETING, on THURSDAY, 27th May, 1869, at which BERNHARD HALL, Esq., Chairman of the Company, presided, showed, in the

LIFE BRANCH,

That 565 Policies had been completed and issued, insuring the sum of	£235,246
Yielding in New Premiums	6,697
That there was added to the Life Fund a sum equal to 69 per cent. of the net premiums, viz.	25,313
Increasing that Fund from £84,840 to..	110,153

IN THE

FIRE BRANCH,

That the Premiums for 1868, after deducting re-insurances, amounted to £122,129, being an increase of £18,141 on the net income of 1867.

A portion of the balance at the disposal of the Shareholders was appropriated in payment of a Dividend of 7 per cent.

The Fire Reserve Fund was increased to £80,000 by the addition of £1,871.

And the sum of £3,133 was carried forward to next year's Accounts.

A Bonus averaging 40 per cent. of the Premiums paid was declared to holders of ordinary participating Life Policies.

THE INCOME OF THE COMPANY was shown to be £217,976, and THE FUNDS IN HAND £433,464.

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THOS. W. THOMPSON, Sub-Manager.
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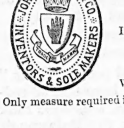

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